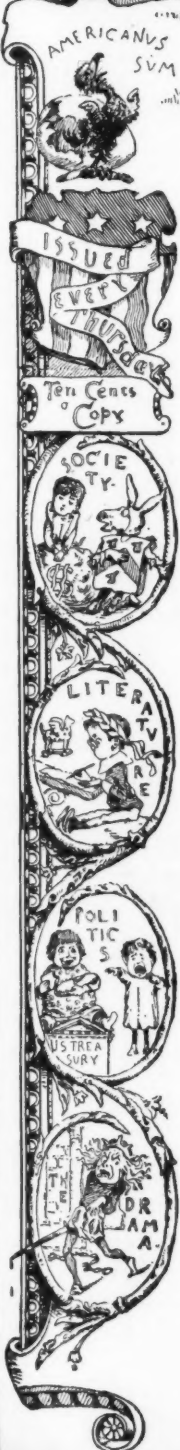


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Young Lady (anxious to uplift the stage): YES, MY INTEREST IN THE PROFESSION IS NOT SIMPLY WORKING FOR SORDID GAIN. I HAVE A HIGHER IDEAL—TO TEACH THE GRAND LESSON, TO PORTRAY LIFE IN ITS TRUE PROPORTION, ITS GRAND SYMMETRY.

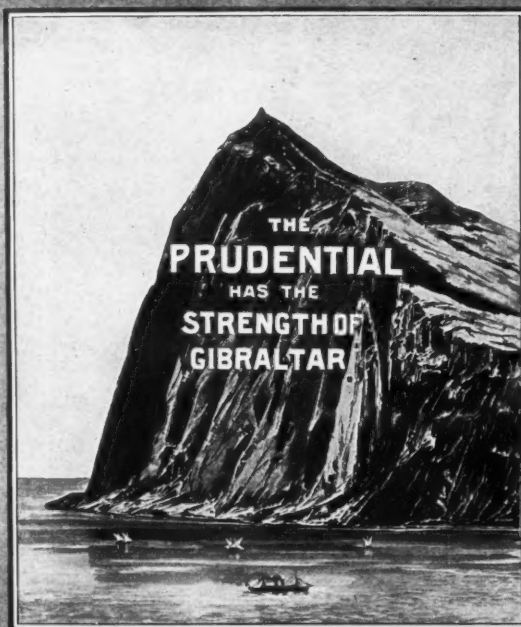
Manager Rose-in-bloom: HM. YOU WOULD DO IT IN TIGHTS, I S'POSE.

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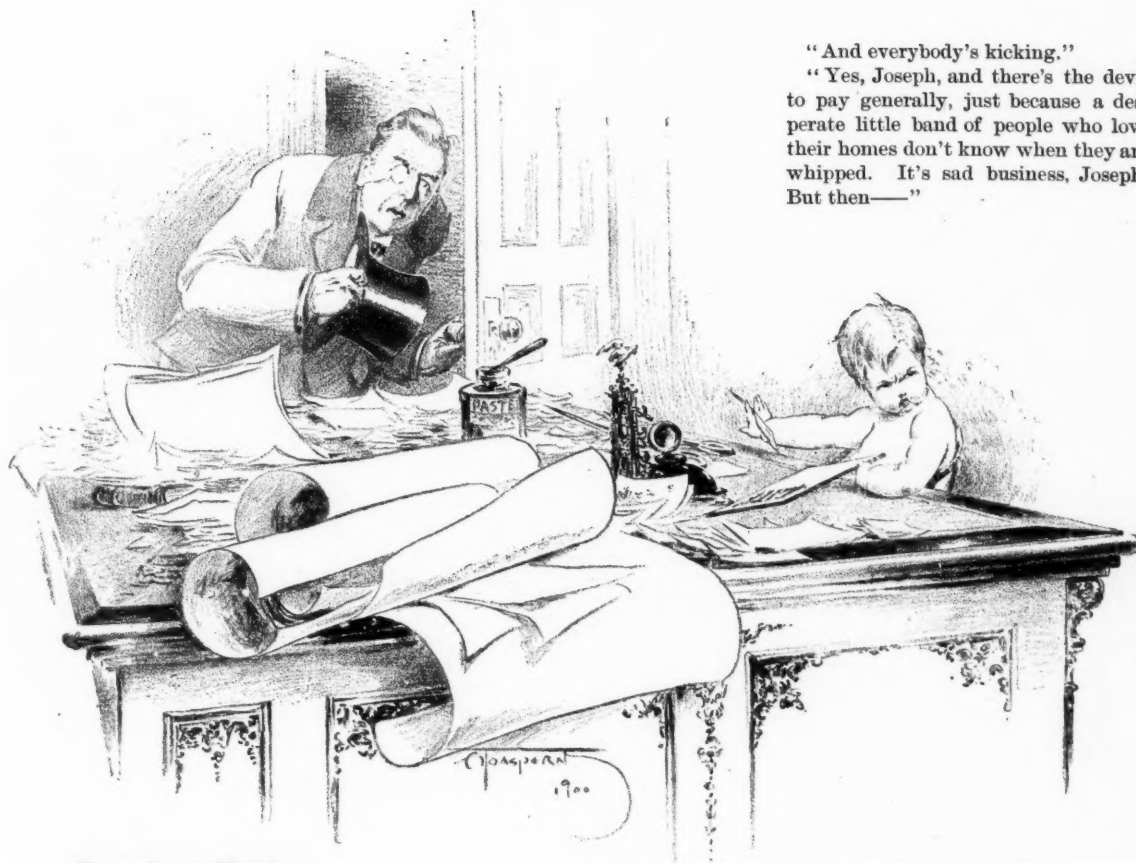
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LIFE



"And everybody's kicking."

"Yes, Joseph, and there's the devil to pay generally, just because a desperate little band of people who love their homes don't know when they are whipped. It's sad business, Joseph. But then——"

Sanctum Talks.

"GOOD MORNING, LIFE."

"Good morning, Joseph. How are you getting on down in South Africa?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"What! Not talk about it? You start a nice little war—something, you know, that we in America call a 'dead easy thing,' and after it's well under way, and it hasn't cost more than two or three billions, why you don't want to talk about it."

"No, I don't. The fact is, LIFE, I am sick of the whole business."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, I am. Here was a miserable, dirty, little nation of Boers, in a coun-

try that was—er—just reeking with wealth."

"Exactly."

"And here was John Bull, who needed all he could lay his hands on, with me for a mascot."

"And you thought you would sail in, lick the Boers in a hurry, please all the financiers in the kingdom, and make a name for yourself?"

"That's it. And now the beggars won't be licked."

"And Johnny Bull is losing his trade."

"And the Bank of England has advanced its rate."

"And all the other nations are laughing in their sleeves."

"Then what?"

"You've had some fun out of it. You've sent your men over there to plunder and burn and murder, which is always good practice for a Christian nation, and you've chased Uncle Paul out of his home."

"Um. We ought to have done all that in a month."

"Well, never mind, Joseph. This is Chamberlain's war, you know, and you've done one thing, anyway."

"What's that?"

"You've shown your persistence in an unrighteous cause, which is always the test of a true Englishman."

"LIFE, I'm going."

"All right. Good by, Joseph."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVII. JAN. 31, 1901. No. 952.
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"OH Queen, live forever!" has been the general sentiment about Queen Victoria these many decades. Never, since she became a Queen, has it been felt, in or out of her country, that it was time the British throne had another occupant. Her people have loved her dearly and universally. The

world has respected and honored her, and now looks on sadly and with a sympathy that is really felt, at the closing scenes of her life. She has been a great Queen. She has been a good woman. She has been admirably faithful to the duties of a great station, and efficient in performing them. What she could do to make righteousness prevail in the earth has been done. She has been the friend and advocate of peace. The standard of conduct, domestic and political, which she has personally maintained, and to the establishment of which her influence has been directed, has made for right living all over the world. A simple woman she has been, and duty and love and religion have been the forces that have ruled her life. And though for more than threescore years she has been a Queen and hedged in with all the dignities and honors that fence that office, never has she

lost that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. It is as a woman that she has been loved—as a girl, as a wife, as a mother; and if she has been loved as a Queen, too, her womanliness and her motherliness have had most to do with inspiring that affection.

It is a good life, brethren, that seems to be closing as these words are written. We all honor it. We all stand still and bare our heads as we say: God send the Good Queen good faring on her long journey.



MR. ALEXIS E. FRYE, late Superintendent of the Schools in Cuba, has resigned, because, he says, the new school law made for Cuba took away all his authority and left him a helpless figurehead. He does not like the new law, and says that under it the extension of schools in Cuba, which was progressing rapidly, has stopped short.

It is explained that it seemed necessary to stop opening new schools until those which had been started were better organized. Whether the explanation takes care of the complaint could only be told after due investigation. What the general public knows about concerns in Cuba, or in the Philippines, is merely what it reads in the papers. What it reads in one paper doesn't tally with what it reads in another. What one correspondent writes one day in a letter to one paper is often denied next day in the same paper by another correspondent. We get abundance of news from all the islands with which we have lately become associated, but reliable information is very scarce. It is quite clear, however, that General Wood and Mr. Frye fell out.

Mr. Frye's work in Cuba in getting the schools started was wonderful. His labors, too, last summer in bringing the Cuban teachers to this country are very generally felt to have been exceedingly useful and important. Possibly he has done the particular thing he was best qualified to do, and does well now to resign, but what he did do was admirable, and has made us all his debtors and admirers.



MR. DRIGGS, of the Congressional Committee that has been investigating hazing at West Point, seems a good deal of a bully himself, and as much disposed to haze cadets as the cadets whose conduct he has helped to investigate. Some of his fellows showed the same fault, but in the main the work of both committees that have investigated West Point has been valuable. They have brought out a great deal that was hidden and needed exposure. They have demonstrated that a great deal went on at West Point that was neither creditable nor useful. On the whole the results of their labors have rather surprised the friends of the Military Academy. The final result seems likely to be good. Hazing at West Point will be stopped if Congress can stop it, and Congress in its efforts seems likely to have the valuable assistance of the cadets themselves.



WHEN we see how much trouble Mrs. Stanford, of Stanford University, has with her professors, we can better appreciate how well Mr. Rockefeller gets on with his. There have been one or two disconcerting episodes in Mr. Rockefeller's University, and some scandal on account of limitations in free speech, but on the whole things run pretty smoothly there and attest in a general way the largeness of Mr. Rockefeller's mind. It tends naturally to embarrass a university to have its founder alive and concerned in active business, but that is a drawback that time is sure to mend, and there are many reasons why it should be endured with patience while it lasts. It is a pity that Mrs. Stanford doesn't show more philosophy in her dealings with her professors, but there is no help for it but for the professors to recognize that for the time being she is an element in their situation for which allowance must be made, and on which mere reasoning cannot be expected to have much effect.



HISTORIC BITS.

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO PROCURE TWO PORTS OF ENTRY IN EXCLUSIVE TRADE WITH THE UNITED STATES WAS SUCCESSFUL.
COMMODORE PERRY RECEIVES THE SIGNED TREATY.



THE fact that we reviewed no historical romance last week must not awaken false hopes. There are others. *At Odds with the Regent*, by Burton Egbert Stevenson, is one of them, and is of the buoyant and bloody type. In the course of one short week the hero kills some twenty men, escapes two or three times from the Bastille, and marries the lady of his choice in a perfect whirl of glory. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

The House of Egremont, by Molly Elliot Seawell, is another. It is a story of the time when James II. held his court at St. Germain, and is well written and interesting, though too long drawn out. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Stringtown on the Pike is a story of Northern Kentucky, covering a period of twenty years from the early sixties. The first half of the book (the descriptions of the Kentucky village and its old-time inhabitants) is delicate, vivid and charming. The later development of the story, however, is far less happy, and less convincing. The author is John Uri Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Mrs. Clyde, the Story of a Social Career, a new book by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), is said to be the history of a woman once prominent in Boston, New York and Newport. The volume lacks much of Mrs. Cruger's old-time brilliancy while retaining her cynicism. (D. Appleton and Company.)

William J. Lampton has published a book of verses called *Yawps and Other Things*. Diligent search has failed to find the other things as the selections are all exceedingly yawpish yawps, and the fact that we have seen them in *The Sun* proves that it is so. (Henry Altemus Company.)

The Lady of Dreams is worth reading. It is a story of the London slums, and in its setting and some of its characters contains a suggestion of Dickens. We may hope for much from its author, Una L. Silberad. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)



THEY WILL DO IT.

"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS NOW IN THE DRAWING-ROOM WAITING FOR YOU, MISS."
"VERY WELL, ELOISE. GO TELL HIM I WILL BE DOWN RIGHT AWAY. AND COME BACK IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AND FIX MY HAIR."

To most of us nowadays a tragedy in blank verse is not alluring. Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod*, however, is a revival of a lost art which will repay a reading. (John Lane.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Modern Pen Drawings: European and American." Edited by *Charles Holme*. (The International Studio.)

"Salambo, the Maid of Carthage." Retold from the French of *Gustav Flaubert* by *Zenaide A. Ragozin*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Donegal Fairy Stories." By *Seumas McManus*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Po' White Trash and Other One-Act Dramas." By *Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland*. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

"Last Songs from Vagabondia." By *Bliss Carman* and *Richard Hovey*. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

"Pictoris Carmina." By *Frederic Crowinshield*. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"The Richard Mansfield Acting Version of Henry V." (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Excursions." By *William Griffith*. (Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company.)

"Songs of North and South." By *Walter Malone*. John P. Morton and Company.)

"Jacinta and Other Verses." By *Howard V. Sutherland*. (Doxey's.)

"Fortune and Men's Eyes." By *Josephine Preston Peabody*. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

"L'Aiglon." By *Edmond Rostand*. (Brentano's.)

"Thomas Jefferson." By *Thomas E. Watson*. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

exactly fills this requirement. You have already guessed his name. The examination follows:

EXHIBIT G. WILLIAM R. HEARST.

"Name?"
 "Willie."
 "How old are you?"
 "Don't know exactly."
 "Are you old enough to know better?"
 "Certainly not."
 "What is your business?"
 "Other people's."
 "Are you familiar with the truth when you see it?"
 "No, sir. I am too much occupied."
 "Mr. Hearst, do you consider that you have wasted your opportunities?"
 "Well, I might have started the *Journal* sooner."
 "Are you a gentleman?"
 "I am a journalist."
 "Why do you prefer filth to cleanliness?"
 "Because there's more money in it."
 "Not always."
 "There is as I work it."
 "That will do, Mr. Hearst. Come in."

A Point in Precedence.

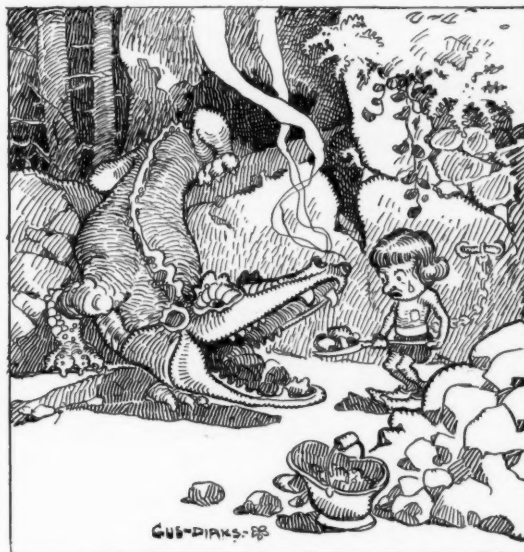
MR. MARMADUKE-JONES: Society nowadays seems to be made up of such a lot of people we don't know.

MRS. MARMADUKE-JONES: Oh, don't put it that way, my dear; say rather that society nowadays is made up of such a lot of people who don't know us.



IT must not be supposed that LIFE's Hall of Fame confines itself to any special class of inmates. All walks of life are represented, from the exciting pastime of a Vice-President to the white light of publicity that beats upon the uncrowned head of a historical novelist. We are here, not to be partial, but to be broad and far-reaching. We would have future ages attest to the wisdom of our choice, and even if there be some who cavil, we regard them not. LIFE's Hall of Fame is open for business day and night, and the claims of no candidate, if he be only an after-dinner speaker, so that he has attracted attention to himself, will be neglected. As time

goes on, it will be seen that the quality of candidates gets better and better. The one this week is a young man, but we have let him in over the heads of a good many others, because at the start we desired to establish a reputation for refinement in selection. We wanted some young man who had been of *real* use to the community, who had, so to speak, not wasted his talents, and whose taste and inherent refinement no one would question. We wanted some one who had shown a high ideal, and who would be willing to pose to future generations of young men as a shining example. Of course there is only one young man who



Dragon: THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, PRINCE. COAL IS GETTING AWFULLY DEAR NOW AND WE'VE GOT TO ECONOMIZE.



"WHY DO YOU WEEP?"

"I'M SO 'FEARED I'LL BE AN OLD MAID, BOO-HOO."

Life's Correspondent Abroad.

(Special Correspondence to LIFE.)

MARSEILLES, FRANCE, Jan. 12, 1901.

IT was necessary to save Europe from convulsion; it was essential to know Krüger's aims to allay fears of revolution; it was desirable that his itinerary should be learned that excursions might be run to view him at different points. Although it was known that seven correspondents of the Hears-Pulwhisker Syndicate had been thrown overboard the Gelderland in the Suez Canal, I went after the old man in deference to the pleadings of the cabinets of Europe and the Cook Excursion Company. I met the Gelderland off Corsica and sent up my card. The exiled President met me on the poop deck in his pajamas and embraced me. He rallied me on my jaded looks, and I tactfully gave him the latest variant from Weber and Fields on breezes and whiskers. He was convulsed and called me a mad, merry wag, and then we retired to his boudoir for T. D. Chiboques and Jameson's whiskey.

Paul Krüger looks fresh despite a touch of salt rheum. He came to Europe to take the baths before Croker takes them—to New York, and has no designs on the German Empire. Incidentally he said, "It is a grave mistake to blame England for the Raid; that was an American outrage. The Bryan Silver Party did that to destroy the gold mines and raise the price of silver. I have never revealed this dark secret before, Squeelman."

"Are you sure of this?" I gasped, a flood of light rushing on me.



"LADY, COULD YER HELP A POOR GUY WOTS GOT CANCER UV DE STOMACH, CHRIRROSIS UV DE LIVER, ATROPHY UV DE SPLEEN, INFLAMMATION UV DE APPENDIX, CURVATURE UV DE SPINE AND PARALYSIS UV DE LEGS?"

"WHY, YES. COME RIGHT IN. MY SON JOHN IS JUST HOME ON A VACATION FROM THE YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL, AND WILL BE GLAD TO OPERATE UPON YOU FOR NOTHING AT ALL." AND THEN—

"Sure of it?" answered the stern old man. "Absolutely! I have it over Joe Chamberlain's signature, and he has Hanna's affidavit for it. I have not lost faith in human integrity and disinterested patriotism, and if we cannot believe Chamberlain and Hanna, whom can we believe?"

I was still unconvinced. "Why, then, do you hate Englishmen?" I asked.

"I am not devoid of humor?" he said questioningly.

I shook my head, as I knew his passion for blood purifiers. I said he had humor.

"But I do not like English humor; the Anglo-Saxon pun irritates me. I was suffering from eczema in '89 and was engaged in curing it and stocking a gold mine, designed for circulation in England. My doctor was a Briton, and I tried to work him for a thousand shares. He said to me, with British insolence, 'I'd rather



WISDOM AND FOOLISHNESS.

THIS TIME MR. WISE WAS FULL, AND THE FOOL WAS LIKE WISE.



HE DID A MILE IN 3:20.

have your rheum than your company.' His persiflage I deemed ill-advised and banished him."

"Why, then, did you go to war with England? For a mere joke?"

"Precisely! But not that joke. I have always held that we Boers were better athletes than the English, but could never get a match on; they said my statement was absurd. To prove it, I declared war and found I was only half right. After a few battles I concluded it was a draw. We are the better fighters, but the English are the better runners. Had they admitted that at first there would have been no trouble."

"Do you design to make trouble still for England?"

"Not at all! Let England have no fear. Chamberlain and I are the best of friends. I design to have my clothes made by the Prince's tailor; I am studying golf and learning the ritual of cricket and baccarat. I will probably call on Victoria at Windsor and give a testimonial to Pears's Soap. Assure Europe that I am traveling incog. and will work France for a gorgeous blow-out in Paris. I love the English and will pay all the war expenses myself."

The interview ended. When I telegraphed to London consols went up twenty points and the Boer generals in the Transvaal resigned and surrendered. Squeelman is still ahead.

Rudyard Davis Squeelman.

JASPER: Young Rocky spends his money in lumps without enjoying it.

JUMPUPPE: Well, that's all right. His father made it in lumps without earning it.



Mrs. Chestnut Worm: PLEASE, MR. SQUIRREL, I'LL GIVE YOU MY WOODSHED IF YOU LET THE HOUSE ALONE.

YOUNG MR. VANDERBILT has been getting married at Newport, and some hundreds of our opulent friends in New York have been helping him. He seems to have needed help, for the hazards of incurring matrimony, always formidable, seem to be supremely grave for a person in his station. We have read, for example, that the wedding gifts sent to Mr. Vanderbilt's bride, have had to be stored as they came, in the vaults of a bank, whither the prospectively happy pair have proceeded from time to time and inspected them behind bars. Wedding presents are fun to get, but dear! dear! when you have to keep them in a bank vault, with the burglar alarm set, and a platoon of policemen sitting breathless at the station waiting for a call, it must seem a little like chasing the bloom off the peach. Superfluity evidently has pretty serious drawbacks, just as want has. As much silver as the sideboard will hold and as many jewels as one cares to risk in a library safe come pretty near being enough.



"I HEAR YOUR FRIEND TOM COMMITTED SEVERAL SUICIDES. DID HE SUCCEED IN ENDING HIS LIVES?"

"NO, HE MADE AWAY WITH HIMSELF SEVEN TIMES, AND THEN CHANGED HIS MIND."



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A WIDOW AND HER FRIEND
FALLING TO FIND REST AND QUIET IN THE COUNTRY SHE D

LIFE.



OW AND HER FRIENDS.

QUIET IN THE COUNTRY SHE DECIDES TO RETURN HOME.



The Sad Possibilities of Success.



and his depiction of certain phases of social existence in "The Moth and the Flame," were indications of his power, but in the present play he shows a sustained originality and virility, which, further developed, should put him in the class with Grundy, Jones and Pinero as an employer of contemporary, local material in dramatic construction. Mr. Fitch has not shown himself an imitator of the English writers in other respects, and it is to be hoped that he will not follow them in their apparent belief that the sexual question is the only one of interest to present-day audiences. The fact is that Mr. Fitch has acquired a technical acquaintance with stage limitations and stage possibilities which, with concentration of effort and attention to literary finish and polish, should place him in the very front row of contemporary dramatists.

In "The Climbers" Mr. Fitch has taken a not very novel or striking story, but, by the handling he gives it and the atmosphere he creates, brings it directly and forcibly home to the people for whom he writes. The types of Americans he presents are accurately drawn. Some of them

are not met with every day—fortunately—but they exist and none of his persons are exaggerated beyond credibility. None of his episodes are remarkable or overdrawn, and it is the highest tribute to Mr. Fitch's art to admit that out of such material he has constructed a four-act play which holds the attention—with the exception, possibly, of some parts of the last act—throughout.



MISS AMELIA BINGHAM makes with "The Climbers" her first appearance in the rôle of a theatrical manager. She has shown the good business sense to surround herself with an excellent company, many of whose members, strange as it may seem with another actress directing the enterprise, are clever and attractive women. Miss Bingham has cast herself for the heroine, but the part is not an overshadowing one, and her sister artists are given fair opportunity for the display of their persons and powers. Miss Bingham's work as the wife of the defaulting hero, *Richard Sterling*—well portrayed by Mr. Frank Worthing—is done in subdued tones, but effectively. Mr. Robert Edeson, as the family's friend and the man who loves *Mrs. Sterling* with the silence of a gentleman, gives a smooth but forceful performance. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk presents an admirable picture of a certain kind of young jackass who infests some circles of polite society. The cast numbers in its women such actresses as Miss Annie Irish, Miss Ysobel Haskins, Miss Clara Bloodgood, Miss Minnie Dupree and Miss Maud Monroe. Among them the honors are easy, Miss Bloodgood gaining special notice through a faithful portrayal of an easily recognized type of a maiden lady in whom society life has not entirely dried up the essence of human kindness. The other actors and actresses in the cast show ability and good training, and the entire company evidences that under proper stimulus there still remains in America good material for the right kind of an author and stage manager.

"The Climbers," as it is played at the Bijou, is very well worth seeing. It is not a tremendously great play or performance, but it is interesting and well done. The fact that the play is the work of an American dramatist and that it is done independently by an American company should recommend it in some degree to those who resent the dependence of the American stage on one group of managers and upon dramatic importations from London.

BUT as a manageress—if there is such a word—Miss Bingham has made a mistake. If she had failed, nothing would have been said or done except that her company would have dispersed and she might be looking for an engagement. But she has made the mistake to succeed. Therefore, she has nothing but trouble ahead of her. She should remember the sad fate of Mrs. Fiske and Miss Crosman. Every underhanded device known to Baxter Street will be brought to bear to break her down in business.

Miss Bingham seems to be safe at the Bijou for a few weeks. After that she might like to take her play and company out on the road. If she wishes to do this, LIFE would suggest that she go up to the office of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, Theatrical Agents, get down on her knees and implore their permission to play at good theatres in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Buffalo, and other cities away from New York. And if she doesn't make this visit in a sufficiently humble frame of mind, it might be well for her to have an ambulance and a trained nurse waiting outside for her.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—Strauss's operetta, "Vienna Life." Notice next week.

Republic.—Miss Viola Allen in a stage version of "In the Palace of the King." Moderately interesting.

Wallack's.—"Janice Meredith" with Mary Mannering as the star. A mediocre play well presented.

Garden.—"Under Two Flags." Notice later.

Lyceum.—The satirical, humorous comedy, "A Royal Family," nearing the end of its long run.

Daly's.—"Lady Huntworth's Experiment," presented by Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company. Well worth seeing.

Empire.—Stock company in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." A clever play fit for adults only.

Garrick.—Amusing "David Harum" seemed immortal, but the close of Mr. Crane's engagement is announced.

Bijou.—Clyde Fitch's play, "The Climbers." See above.

Knickerbocker.—"When We Were Twenty-one." Clever and well acted by Mr. Nat Goodwin and a competent company.

Weber and Fields's.—Not bad burlesque, but at prices of admission elevated too high by the speculator device.

Criterion.—Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Not an especially good play, but well mounted and acted.


Academy of Music.—"Barbara Frietich" as a spectacle. Notice later.

Herald Square.—"The Girl From Up There." One of the worst that ever came down.



happened? While there were still a few folks left in caves waiting to be killed, the Martian creatures developed an insignificant parasite, which killed everyone of them promptly dead. That was smart in Mr. Wells.

Napoleon, after being vastly useful, was getting too big for Earth, and couldn't be quiet. And then what? Lord Rosebery says in effect that he went mad. A maggot in the brain undid him. He whom no one else could conquer used himself up, and his effects were distributed more or less according to law.



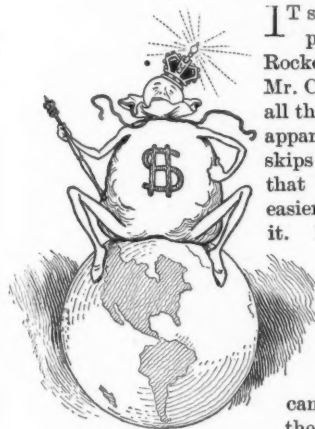
So we may be sure it will be if the very rich get materially too much. Excess—of power, money, opportunity—will inevitably disagree with them, and affairs will right themselves. Meanwhile, the reorganization of things in which they are a factor is mighty useful to civilization. They are able men. Working, in a way, for themselves, they work actually for all of us, and though our share of the profits may be slow in coming to hand, it is bound to come. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon advanced civilization. So do Morgan, Rockefeller, Hill and all their species. The goblins will get 'em if they don't watch out, but the goblins will be of their own raising. Meanwhile, they are doing good.

A Coming Microbe.

IT seems as if it would be easy to compute how long it will take Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Jim Hill, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Vanderbilt to get all the money in the country. Money is apparently going their way with skips and jumps, and the more that tumbles in on them the easier it seems to be to add to it. Not to believe they are going to get it all is a simple exercise of faith which facts and computations do not avail to aid. They won't get it all. We know they won't, but we can't see what's to hinder. If they did get it all, we should

have to take it away from them and have a new deal, but we don't expect things to come to that. We expect all these gentlemen and their descendants to be solvent for a good while. To come, but we believe there is going to be some money left out of their strong boxes, and each of us hopes to get his share of it. Moreover, we think this result is going to be reached, not by violence or material changes in the laws, but by the operation of natural forces.

The ingenious Mr. Wells, who wrote about the *War of the Worlds*, told how creatures came from Mars in machines, and killed off most of the English and left the British Isles a blackened ruin. Humans could not stand up to them. What



CONTRARIWISE.

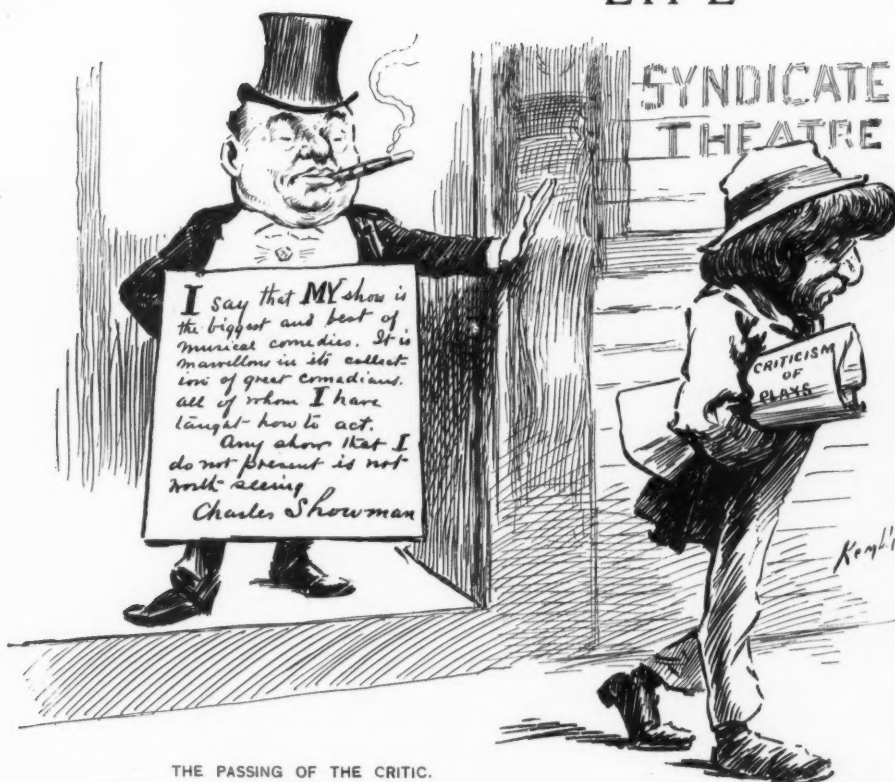
THE BRIDE WAS LED TO THE ALTAR
IS A TRITE AND ABSURD REMARK.



AS A MATTER OF FACT IT ISN'T CORRECT—
SHE COULD FIND HER WAY IN THE DARK.



She: OH, I HAVE NO DOUBT YOU LOVE ME; BUT YOUR LOVE LACKS THE SUPREME TOUCH—UNSELFISHNESS!
“WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?”
“YOU ADMIT IT. YOU WANT ME FOR YOURSELF ALONE, YOU SAY.”



THE PASSING OF THE CRITIC.

CHARLES FROHMAN SAYS:—

"'THE GIRL FROM UP THERE' is the brightest and best of musical comedies. It is marvellous in its collection of great comedians, whose number has never been equalled in one musical play. EDNA MAY, who successfully presented to London audiences the ingenuous charm of the American girl, is repeating her former New York success."

—From the New York Herald.

The Author to the Editor.

(A PRINTED CIRCULAR TO BE SENT ON THE RETURN OF A MANUSCRIPT.)

THE author regrets the editor's inability to appreciate a Truly Good Thing.

The rejection of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment.

As many thousand manuscripts are returned to him annually, the author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of the magazine.

Because, as an editor, he does not meet the present requirements of the author does not argue that he would not be successful elsewhere—in some other position. He might make an excellent dry goods clerk or an entirely satisfactory coal stoker.

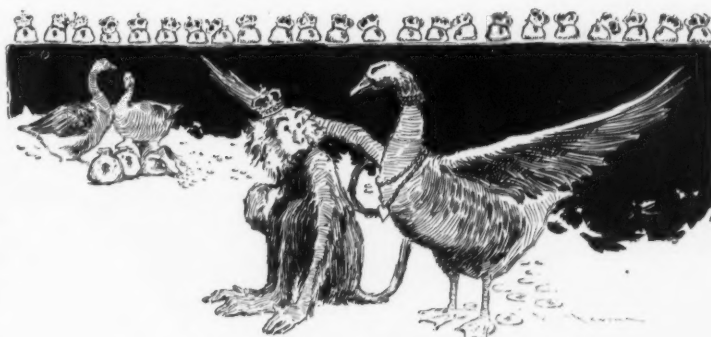
(Signed) THE AUTHOR (per Himself)

Roselle Mercier.

A WOMAN measures her power as a bee measures its sting—by its ability to cause trouble.

THE army canteen seems to have been abolished. The House voted against it overwhelmingly. The Senate strongly recommended its reten-

tion, but the House wouldn't agree and the Senate backed down. It had to back down, because the canteen clause was delaying the Army bill, the passage of which the Administration and its Congressional backers were so anxious to expedite. The canteen isn't absolutely a palladium of our liberties, and the army will get along somehow without it, but it was a shame to abolish it, for the testimony was overwhelming that it did the army good. Its merits were not considered. The House seems to have abolished it partly from fear of the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibitionists, partly in a fit of spleen because a previous law passed for its extinction had been overruled. The Senate sacrificed it to placate the House. The upshot of it all is that we will have more drunken soldiers than ever. It is a sore pity to deal that way with the army, and when one thinks of what sort of folk it is that have brought this misdeed about, and how Congress would deride the notion of itself living up to the standard of abstemiousness which it has pretended to recommend to soldiers, the pity seems greater than ever.



Cross and Crown.

"PRETTY MAIDEN, come with me,
Let us cross the ocean's foam,
And forever happy be
In my dear old London home."

"What's your title, gentle sir?
Do you wear a ducal crown?
Can I make a social stir
As your bride in London town?"

"Nay, I am a simple knight;
'Tis with love I sue to thee.
Let us our betrothal plight
And together cross the sea."

But the maiden turned away,
Gave her head a flippant toss,
And the Briton heard her say:

"No, siree; no crown no cross."

Willis B. Hawkins.



YOU'RE IT.

If you're sore
To the core,
With aching bones,
And husky tones
When you speak,
And you're weak
In the knees,
And you sneeze,
And often cough
Your head near off,
And you note
That your throat
Feels quite raw,
And your jaw
Feels as if
You'd got a blif,
And dull pains
Vex your brains,
Then you've caught it,
You have got it—
It's the grip.

If you feel
The heat steal
O'er your frame
Like a flame,
Till you burn
And you yearn
For chunks of ice
At any price,
Then like a flash
The shivers dash
From head to feet,
A chill complete,

And you shake,
And you quake,
And there's desire
For a fire,
And something hot
Right on the spot
To quickly drink,
And you think
Right there and then
You'll ne'er be warm again,
Then you've caught it,
You have got it—
It's the grip.

It's in the air,
It's everywhere;
The microbe of the grip
Is on another trip,
And up and down,
Through all the town,
By night and day
It seeks its prey.
And it's the fad
If you are sad,
Or even mad,
Or if you sneeze,
Or cough or wheeze,
Or feel too warm,
Or chills alarm,
To wear a look of grim dismay
And hoarsely say:
"I've caught it,
I've got it—
It's the grip!"

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

IN his volume on Ellen Terry, Clement Scott tells of a somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy actor, who complained that the noted English actress continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said:

"I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage, and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote:

"You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home!"—*Exchange.*

ONE of the happiest uses served by that wonderful and many-named invention, the moving-picture machine, appears in a story told in the London *Music Hall*.

A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures, when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening, when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group—on the screen of a cinematograph!

EX-SENATOR EVARTS was discussing dyspepsia and indigestion and that sort of thing the other day with a lady, who remarked that she supposed the greater part of the trouble men had with their stomachs was due to the different wines they drank.

"It was the indifferent wines that gave me the most trouble," retorted the venerable statesman.—*Argonaut.*

"WAIT!" exclaimed the first Londoner, stopping before the London *Times* office, "let's read these bulletins about the situation in South Africa."

"No," replied the other, much disgruntled, "I want to know nothing at all about it."

"Then you ought to read these; they're official."

—*Philadelphia Press.*

SARAH BERNHARDT says that one night, during a former visit to America, when she was playing "Jeanne d'Arc," she hurt her knee with a rusty nail. "The wound gave me considerable pain and trouble," she says, "and it was thought that a slight operation might possibly be required. This fact appeared in the daily papers, and a day or two afterward I received a telegram from the manager of a museum in Chicago, saying that if it was necessary to amputate my leg, might he please have it. He added he would drape it if desired."—*Argonaut.*

WHEN George M. Stearns was one of the leaders of the bar in Western Massachusetts, one of the judges expressed to him the hope that sometime he should see Mr. Stearns himself on the bench.

"I wouldn't be on the bench," answered the latter, "and have to be so good as you are, for all your d—d salary."

—*Green Bag.*

"We hear a great deal about how the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock," said a speaker at the Society of New England Women's breakfast yesterday. "There are times when I have almost wished that Plymouth Rock had landed upon the Pilgrim Fathers."

—*New York Evening Sun.*

HE: I see they are making clothes now of wood fibre.

SHE: O! what's the use? Somebody will be sure to invent a new kind of moth.—*Philadelphia Press.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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Or better still, send us twenty-five cents and you will receive the four February numbers containing the opening chapters of **HALL CAINE'S** latest and greatest novel, “The Eternal City,” and a proof of the girls of 1801 and 1901. (The proof is 16 x 22 inches.)

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*The girl of
1801*



*The girl of
1901*

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He who gives quietly is liable to be struck twice.

A new sweep sweeps clean, but he soon gets over it.

Misfortunes and twins never come singly.

If any man is worth doing he is worth doing well.

—Yale Record.

THE cleansing and preserving properties of myrrh for the teeth have been known since the days of ancient Syria. WRIGHT'S DENTOMYRRH, the new tooth paste (in tubes), has myrrh as a base. Ask any druggist for it.

CHURCH: What do you think of an Englishman coming over here to tell us how to run our newspapers?

GOTHAM: The first thing you know, some blarsted Britisher will be coming here to tell us how to get rid of fog.

—Yonkers Statesman.

EVERY woman should endeavor to preserve a youthful and fresh complexion as long as possible. The only way in which this can be accomplished is by using Dr. Dys' Sachets de Toilette night and morning. These Sachets are unrivalled for conferring a bright and beautiful complexion upon those who use them. All Dr. Dys' toilet preparations can be obtained, with valuable advice for skin treatment, at V. Darby's, 129 E. 20th St., New York.

FOND PARENT: Goodness! how you look, child; you are soaked.

FRANKIE: Please, pa, I fell into the canal.

"What, with your new trousers on?"

"I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off."—Exchange.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"We are getting to be much too prominent," said one member of a club to another recently. "A club is like a woman. The less either of them is talked about the better."

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

HE (in his wrath): When I married you I had no idea what a fool you were.

SHE (in her equanimity): The fact that I was willing to marry you should have removed all doubts on that point.

—Boston Transcript.

AN American product that excels all foreign make is Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. Bouquet perfect.

WATTS: I broke a mirror yesterday. Isn't there a superstition of some kind connected with breaking a mirror?

POTTS: Yes. It means seven years' bad luck.

"It does? I'm glad to hear it. If I am in for seven years' bad luck, I am sure of living that long, anyhow."

—Indianapolis Press.

If there is any commodity on the market wherein purity becomes a necessity, certainly it should be found in whiskey. Good whiskey is one of the best tonics in the world, one of the best stimulants and one of the best promoters of good cheer.

Trimble Whiskey, which is distinguishable by its well-known green label, is a whiskey with a history. This history embraces a reputation for purity that has extended over one hundred years. It is doubtful if any other whiskey on the market has been before the public for such a length of time. It certainly is a fact that no other whiskey has the standing with connoisseurs that Trimble Whiskey has. The familiar trade mark of Messrs. White, Hentz & Co., the proprietors of the brand, says not to drink whiskey, but "When you do drink, drink Trimble." This has become a by-word and a toast.

Those who keep whiskey in the house—and everybody should have it there in case of emergency—can safely rely on Trimble as being the personification of purity, and those who wish it for the good cheer it throws around the festive board and to "lighten up the gloom" of life, will find in Trimble a bouquet that is as delicate as June blossoms, a mellowness like distilled sunshine and a perfection that is always satisfying.

"Why did the little fly fly?"

Jane asked the girl beside her.

"Because," she answered, with a sigh,

"The little spider spied 'er."

—Boston Transcript.

CALIFORNIA.

Thirty-five Days' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York and Philadelphia on February 14, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment, and observation cars, returning by March 20. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party.

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"How did you come to be a professional beggar?"

"I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to git up statistics on how many heartless people there is in this town."

—Chicago Record.

"I see so much in the newspapers about subsidies. What does a subsidy mean, John?"

"A subsidy, Mary, is where I give you twenty dollars for going to see your mother instead of having her come to see you."—Denver News.

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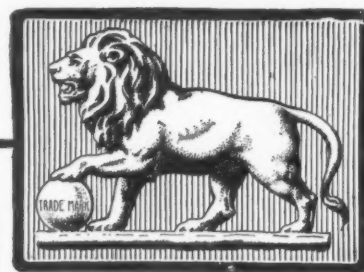
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Rustic: 'DEED AN' IT DOES, SIR. IT DRAWS THE 'TENTION OF EVERY FOOL THAT PASSES HERE.— Moonshine.

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